

The Tragedy of Hamlet

From whence though willingly I came to *Denmarke*,
To shew my duty in your Coronation;
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward *France*,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your fathers leave? what sayes *Polonius*?

Polo. He hath, my Lord, wrung from me my slow leave,
By labour some petition; and at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.
I doe beseech you give him leave to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces; spend it at thy will.
But now my cousin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more than kin, and lesse than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*.
Doe not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seeke for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common all that liues must dye,
Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seemes it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems Madam, nay it is, I know not seems,
'Tis not alone my inkie cloke could smother,
Nor customary futes of solemne blacke,
Nor windie suspiration of forc't breath,
No, nor the fruitfull river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all formes, moods, shapes of griefe,
That can denote me truly; these indeed seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passes shew,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To give these mourning duties to your father.

But

Prince of Denmarke.

But you must know your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filliall obligation for some tearme
To doe obsequious sorrowes; but to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornnesse, 'tis unmanly griefe.
It shewes a will most incorrect to Heaven,
A heart unfortified, or minde impatient,
An understanding simple and unschoold:
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theame
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
From the first coarfe till he that died to day,
This must be so: we pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and thinke of us
As of a father: for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobility of love
Than that which dearest father beares his sonne
Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going backe to schoole to *Wittenberg*:
It is most retrograde to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remaine
Here in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeest Courtier, cousin, and our sonne.
Que. Let not thy mother lose her prayers *Hamlet*:
I pray thee stay with us, goe not to *Wittenberg*.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey you Madame.
King. Why 'tis a loving and a faire reply.
Be as our selfe in *Denmarke*, Madame come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No jocond health that *Denmarke* drinckes to day
But the great Cannon to the clouds shall tell,

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